



JNO. F. ZIMMERMAN &amp; SON,

(Devoted to News, Politics, Internal Improvement, and General Information.)

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM

—In Advance—

VOL. XII.—NO. 32.

DANVILLE, KY., FRIDAY MORNING, MARCH 23, 1855.

WHOLE NO. 602.

## THE KENTUCKY TRIBUNE

IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY  
JNO. F. ZIMMERMAN & SON,  
ON THE FOLLOWING TERMS:  
Per annum, in advance, \$2 00  
Within six months, \$1 50  
At the end of the year, \$2 00  
No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

We will give one copy of the Tribune, and one copy of either Graham's, Colver's, or Bartlett's Magazine, one year, for \$4.  
No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

**ADVERTISING:**  
For each square of 12 lines or less, first insertion, \$1 00  
Each additional insertion, 50 cts.  
A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers.  
Post and Precedence Notices, each, 1 50  
Advertisements of a personal character charged double.  
Announcing a candidate for any office, \$1 00  
Continuing same until the election, 1 00  
Announcement Fees to be paid in advance.  
Notices of Religious and Public Meetings, Marriages and Deaths, published free.

## BOOK AND JOB PRINTING

HAVING lately added to our Job Office, some of the most fashionable styles of  
**NEW TYPE,**  
We are now prepared to fill all orders for  
**PLAIN AND FANCY  
JOB PRINTING,**  
in a style which cannot be surpassed in the State. Our stock of  
**FINE CARD TYPE**  
is very complete, and those desiring either Professional or Business Cards, are invited to send in their orders.  
JNO. F. ZIMMERMAN & SON,  
Tribune Office, Danville, Ky.

## UPHOLSTERING

ALL ITS BRANCHES!

HAVING secured the services of an experienced Upholsterer, I respectfully solicit orders for any description of work in that line. Church Pews cushioned, Carpets laid, and Curtains hung, on short notice and in the best style.  
J. G. W. HEWLEY,  
Jan 19, '55

## Fresh Garden Seeds.

A LARGE supply of Fresh Garden Seeds—growth of 1854—for sale by  
J. H. HAMILTON,  
Jan 19, '55

## P. U. Y. A. P.

All persons indebted to me either by note or account, will confer a great favor by calling immediately and settling their respective dues. I need money to meet my liabilities. I have therefore that all will attend to this notice as possible.  
GEO. W. COLLINS,  
Jan 12, '55

## Farmers, Look at This!

ALL at J. B. AKIN'S, and examine the Corn Crushers, Meat Cutters, Corn Shellers, Ploughs, &c., he has for sale.  
Jan 19, 1855

## 4 BOXES FINE VIRGINIA CHEWING TOBACCO,

just received at  
L. DIMMITT'S  
Oct 6,

## Window Glass—8 by 10; 10 by 12; 12 by 16; 12 by 18; 12 by 20; and 18 by 24—just received and for sale by

JNO. B. AKIN  
sept 29

## For Sale or Rent.

THE TRACT OF LAND, known as the Frying Pan Bend, on Dick's River. JAMES KINNAID.  
dec 8, '54

## NOTICE.

I HAVE left my notes and accounts with Mr. BENJ. MONTGOMERY, at the Branch Bank, and will be much obliged to all indebted to me if they will call on him and settle. I will leave them with Mr. M. for a short time, and all who feel disposed to save costs can do so by attending to this notice.  
G. A. ARMISTRONG,  
oct 20, '54

## THE INSURANCE COMPANY.

OF Hartford, Conn.  
AS Agent of the above Company, I will issue Policies on Dwellings and Farm Houses, for a term of years, on as favorable terms as any reliable Mutual Company.  
See statement of Company, in another place.  
A. S. MCGRORTY, Ac't.  
oct 6, 1854 [June 3, '54]

## REMOVED.

BLACKSMITHING.

## Horse-Shoeing 81.

I HAVE removed my Blacksmith Shop to the corner of Main and First Streets, where I am prepared, as usual, to attend to all who may want any work in his line.  
CLAYTON HUGHES,  
Danville, Jan 19, '55

## Seed: Seed: Seed:

200 Stripped Blue Grass Seed;  
450 bush Cut " " do;  
175 bush Timothy Seed;  
15 " " " " do;  
In store and for sale, FOR CASH ONLY, at the Mammoth Grocery.  
W. B. MORROW & CO.  
Jan 26, '55

## 1ST OF JANUARY.

HAVING given up the Dry Goods business, I would take this occasion to thank my numerous customers for their long continued and liberal patronage, and also to request those whose accounts with me are yet unsettled, to come forward and square up. I desire to close my old business immediately, and hope this notice will be attended to.  
WM. M. FIELDS,  
dec 29, '54

## ORIGINAL SKETCH.

THE WEISPER.

"When spring with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck the hallowed mold,  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod  
Than fairies' feet have ever trod."  
Collins.

"Whom the Gods love die young" is a sweet but mournful aphorism; and sadly does its truth force itself upon the mind when memory turns back its page of garnered thoughts to read the names of the gifted, the beautiful, the good, and the young who have paled away from earth—lovely, but delicate flowers, culled from our cold world, to grace the bowers of a higher and holier sphere, where sorrow is turned into joy, and death can never enshroud in its icy mantle, the forms of those we love. On the banks of that beautiful and romantic river, which the much of our gifted Signorine, has immortalized:  
"Where Rappahannock gently rolls o'er green Virginia's breast"

the white steeple, of an elegant little church, "Points with taper spire the road to heaven." There is a quiet, localness resting upon this little village, and a refined hospitality prevailing in its community, which often associate the recollection with the pleasant memories of the stranger, who may have made a brief sojourn within its borders. Within the lawn surrounding, there is a solitary grave, and that little mound marks the last resting place of a beautiful stranger. Her story was told me by a gentle girl, and so sadly sweet a tale of mournful beauty, that I could not refrain from throwing the particulars together, with the hope that they might be perused with the same sorrowful pleasure, with which they were received from the child of sympathy, who made me acquainted with the facts.

In the spring of 18—, the little community of — received an addition to their pleasant circle, in the person of Miss E. G., from —, in Massachusetts. She left her home in the twenty-second year of her age, to take charge of one of the departments in the seminary of the Misses C. Her interesting manners, her sweet and amiable disposition, her graceful and dignified air, her highly cultivated mind, soon won upon the inhabitants, and her name became a household thought of beauty, with young friends and associates, so that it might be said with literal truth, that "None knew her but to love her, none named her but to praise." Cheerful as she was, and lively as she often seemed, at times her countenance would be shadowed over with a strange and melancholy thought; it was that of early death; and although she feared not the terrors of the grim destroyer, the sad reflection that she must go down to the grave, when the music of life's poetry was sweeping the heart strings to joyous melody, and the sunlight of young hopes was gliding every bud of anticipation, bursting beneath its beams almost into the opening flower—imparted a tinge of melancholy to her smile, and beautifully to look upon.

Before she left her paternal roof, in the midst of anticipations of pleasure on her Southern sojourn, "a sad low voice," to use her own prophetic language, "whispered to her waking and sleeping senses, 'Death this year.'"

It was under this presentiment that she penned the following touching lines, found among her MSS. after her death.  
At earliest dawn when sleep hath fled,  
And Sol his onward course doth tread,  
A soft, low voice sounds in my ear;  
It says "Thou'lt die ere this year."

The Spring with buds and flowers has come,  
And sweet birds chirp around my home;  
Yet with these sights and sounds so dear,  
Comes the sad voice, "Thou'lt die this year."

A smile is on my lip—my brow  
Is free from care and sorrow now;  
Light words escape—yet ever near  
I hear a voice, "Thou'lt die this year."

When sleep has thrown its magic power,  
And lulled each sense—e'en at that hour,  
In dreams, a strange sweet voice I hear,  
It whispers, "Die thou wilt this year."

Health still blooms fresh upon my cheek,  
My voice is neither faint nor weak;  
My step is firm, my eye is clear;  
Still, still it says, "Thou'lt die this year."

If this mysterious voice be true,  
And I to earth must bid adieu,  
Oh, Saviour, be thou ever near;  
Then welcome, welcome death this year.

The foregoing lines were written in the Spring of her departure from home; and how fittingly were they fulfilled, the sequel will tell. Notwithstanding her mother, alarmed at the presentiment, endeavored to dissuade her from her contemplated change of home, duty prevailed, and she left her home, and entered upon her engagement with such zeal that she soon received the devotion of principal and scholar.  
Often, however, when walking at the close of day, with the beautiful prospect spread out before her—a prospect which found its analogue only in her dreams of Paradise—she would say to her young friends, "I shall die this year." This haunting thought, however, instead of making her cold and indifferent to surrounding objects, led her to wish for a spot near the Rappahannock, where she might sleep undisturbed by the busy hum that ever breaks upon the city cemetery. How she felt in reference to the occasion, may be gathered from the following, written a short time previous to her death:  
Oh! make my grave where the violet is springing;  
Where the rose and lily their fragrance are blending;  
Where music, sweet music, throughout earth is ringing;  
There make my grave.

And make it too, where the willow is bending,  
Its silvery leaves o'er the streamlet winding;  
Where, with its murmurs, the breezes are blending;  
There make my grave.

And think of me there, yet not tho' sleeping,  
Beneath the damp sod where the earth worms are creeping;  
Where darkness and silence their vigils are keeping;  
Around my grave.

## ORIGINAL SKETCH.

THE WEISPER.

"When spring with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck the hallowed mold,  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod  
Than fairies' feet have ever trod."  
Collins.

The year rolled on, the period was fast arriving when Eliza was to return to the paternal roof, or the pale messenger of the sad premonition was to fulfill his augury!  
Within a few days of the time she had arranged for her departure, a weeping group stood beside the death couch of Eliza Grey. The revelation of the "sad low voice" was fulfilled. Like the dying swan, her last notes are remembered as her sweetest and loveliest. Death to the young teacher had lost its terrors, and the immortal smile of triumph, that lighted her pale cheek and spread its unearthly beauty over her marble brow, told that the destroyer "Dared not steal the signet-ring of Heaven."

Her request has been complied with; that morning I stood beside her grave and heard her story told, the leafy branch of a neighboring tree were alive with the music of birds.  
The morning breeze was laden with the perfume of flowers, and the dreamy sound of the waves of the Rappahannock, as they broke in subdued murmurs upon the shore, told that the slumberer could not have selected a more lovely resting place. There, lonely, but not forgotten, beneath the weeping willow, planted by the hand of the kind village pastor, sleep the remains of the interesting stranger, and often there

"The young village maid, when with flowers she dresses  
Her dark flowing hair for some festival day,  
Will think of her fate till neglecting her tresses,  
She mournfully turns from the mirror away."  
Then still let the wild bird warble, and the cool grass wave to the breeze—and there in its solemn sweetness, Sabbath after Sabbath, let the music of the "church-going bells" invite the pious to the feast of the sanctuary. Slumber on, young sleeper! By strangers honored, and by strangers mourned, thy spirit passed away! Beautiful pilgrim to a better land. Subdued and tearful watchers of thine own sweet self stood beside the fresh made grave, that shrouded from sight, but obscured not the memory of ELIZA GREY.

Her dark flowing hair for some festival day, Will think of her fate till neglecting her tresses, She mournfully turns from the mirror away." Then still let the wild bird warble, and the cool grass wave to the breeze—and there in its solemn sweetness, Sabbath after Sabbath, let the music of the "church-going bells" invite the pious to the feast of the sanctuary. Slumber on, young sleeper! By strangers honored, and by strangers mourned, thy spirit passed away! Beautiful pilgrim to a better land. Subdued and tearful watchers of thine own sweet self stood beside the fresh made grave, that shrouded from sight, but obscured not the memory of ELIZA GREY.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Dennie and his Father;

or  
The Double Pledge.

"On the shores of the beautiful Horicon, now known as Lake George, in the eastern part of New York, there lived, a few years ago, a clergyman, his happy family of five daughters, and a darling son, a boy of more than ordinary promise, were growing up under the influence and instruction of such parents as few children could boast. Happy among themselves, with their home amidst the most beautiful scenery in nature, life seemed to them a bright and glad reality. Occasionally, a shadow of anxiety might have been detected on the usually calm brows of both father and mother.

The time at which my story commences was before the days of temperance. It was when every family kept a supply of ardent spirits constantly on hand; and children were accustomed to the dangerous beverage daily. So it was in this family. The little 'Dennie,' accustomed every morning to his glass of bitters, and to treat every time a friend called upon the family during the day, soon began to show a devoted fondness for the intoxicating drink, and sought for more frequent occasions to gratify his taste. His parents saw his growing appetite with alarm, and often admonished him, but with little effect; his appetite increased, and more than once they had the mortification of seeing their promising boy in a state of evident intoxication. Various were the remedies tried, but with little good; and they could only hope that time and his own good sense, would at length enable him to control the habit that threatened to ruin him. But an event occurred which blasted every hope, and they saw nothing before their child but a drunkard's life and a drunkard's grave.

One morning the little Dennie came running in with the eager inquiry—Mother, Mr. Smith is going to have a raising this afternoon, and James has invited me. May I go?  
"My son, if your father thinks it best, you may go," his mother replied.

His father's consent was readily obtained; and after dinner he started off full of happy anticipations. Arrived at the place, his situation was occupied for a time in the erection of the building; too soon, however, he discovered a key on the premises, which his ready genius quickly told him contained his favorite beverage. Without a moment's hesitation he asked for a drink—it was given him; he asked for another, then another, and before the afternoon was half gone, "Dennie" was dead drunk; and the workmen laid him on a board under a tree.

About four o'clock his father called to accompany him home; not seeing him, he eagerly inquired for his child—they pointed him to the place where he lay. With a heart full of sorrow he carried him home to his horrified mother and sisters. Together his parents watched by his bed during the tedious night that followed, not knowing but the dreadful tanager would result in his death; but fully resolved, if he lived, not to leave untended any effort that might promise to save him.

It was not until the evening of the second day that he was restored to perfect consciousness. His parents thought it best not to speak to him of the cause of his illness for some days, hoping his own reflections would do much more good; but in this they were disappointed—he did not exhibit the first symptom of remorse or consciousness that he had done wrong.

About a week after the event just related, his father invited him one pleasant morning to a walk. Their road lay along the shore of the lake, and was lined with stately trees on either side. For a time they walked on in silence.  
"Dennie," said he, "do you know what it was made you sick the other day?"  
"Why, I suppose I drank too much rum," he heartily replied.

"Well, my son, do you know that I think you are in danger of becoming a drunkard?"  
"Why, father, I know you tell me so, but I ain't afraid of it. You drink rum every day, and you are not a drunkard, and when I get old enough to know how much it will do for me, to drink, I can keep on becoming drunk too."

They both rested themselves on a rock near the shore, and most faithfully did his father speak of the evils of intemperance; then taking a small gold watch from his pocket, which Dennie had long desired to call his own, he said, "Dennie, if you will never drink any more rum I will give this gold watch. Will you do it?"  
Rising from his seat, and looking his father full in the face, he replied: "If it is wrong for me to drink rum, I secure to be hired not to drink it. But I will tell you, sir, what I will do—If it is wrong for me to drink it, I will do it, and if you stop drinking I will."

Had a flash of lightning burst from the cloudless sky above them, his father would not have been more startled. How could he get up in a cold winter night, and go and pray by the bedside of some dying parishioner, without a glass of something to prevent his taking cold? How could he attend to the various ecclesiastical meetings of the church, without something to help him bear the fatigues of the journey? The sacrifice was indeed great, but the welfare of his son demanded it. And summoning all his resolution, with a faltering voice, he replied—

"I will do it, my son." And thus they pledged themselves to total abstinence.

## ORIGINAL SKETCH.

THE WEISPER.

"When spring with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck the hallowed mold,  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod  
Than fairies' feet have ever trod."  
Collins.

The year rolled on, the period was fast arriving when Eliza was to return to the paternal roof, or the pale messenger of the sad premonition was to fulfill his augury!  
Within a few days of the time she had arranged for her departure, a weeping group stood beside the death couch of Eliza Grey. The revelation of the "sad low voice" was fulfilled. Like the dying swan, her last notes are remembered as her sweetest and loveliest. Death to the young teacher had lost its terrors, and the immortal smile of triumph, that lighted her pale cheek and spread its unearthly beauty over her marble brow, told that the destroyer "Dared not steal the signet-ring of Heaven."

Her request has been complied with; that morning I stood beside her grave and heard her story told, the leafy branch of a neighboring tree were alive with the music of birds.  
The morning breeze was laden with the perfume of flowers, and the dreamy sound of the waves of the Rappahannock, as they broke in subdued murmurs upon the shore, told that the slumberer could not have selected a more lovely resting place. There, lonely, but not forgotten, beneath the weeping willow, planted by the hand of the kind village pastor, sleep the remains of the interesting stranger, and often there

"The young village maid, when with flowers she dresses  
Her dark flowing hair for some festival day,  
Will think of her fate till neglecting her tresses,  
She mournfully turns from the mirror away."  
Then still let the wild bird warble, and the cool grass wave to the breeze—and there in its solemn sweetness, Sabbath after Sabbath, let the music of the "church-going bells" invite the pious to the feast of the sanctuary. Slumber on, young sleeper! By strangers honored, and by strangers mourned, thy spirit passed away! Beautiful pilgrim to a better land. Subdued and tearful watchers of thine own sweet self stood beside the fresh made grave, that shrouded from sight, but obscured not the memory of ELIZA GREY.

Her dark flowing hair for some festival day, Will think of her fate till neglecting her tresses, She mournfully turns from the mirror away." Then still let the wild bird warble, and the cool grass wave to the breeze—and there in its solemn sweetness, Sabbath after Sabbath, let the music of the "church-going bells" invite the pious to the feast of the sanctuary. Slumber on, young sleeper! By strangers honored, and by strangers mourned, thy spirit passed away! Beautiful pilgrim to a better land. Subdued and tearful watchers of thine own sweet self stood beside the fresh made grave, that shrouded from sight, but obscured not the memory of ELIZA GREY.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Dennie and his Father;

or  
The Double Pledge.

"On the shores of the beautiful Horicon, now known as Lake George, in the eastern part of New York, there lived, a few years ago, a clergyman, his happy family of five daughters, and a darling son, a boy of more than ordinary promise, were growing up under the influence and instruction of such parents as few children could boast. Happy among themselves, with their home amidst the most beautiful scenery in nature, life seemed to them a bright and glad reality. Occasionally, a shadow of anxiety might have been detected on the usually calm brows of both father and mother.

The time at which my story commences was before the days of temperance. It was when every family kept a supply of ardent spirits constantly on hand; and children were accustomed to the dangerous beverage daily. So it was in this family. The little 'Dennie,' accustomed every morning to his glass of bitters, and to treat every time a friend called upon the family during the day, soon began to show a devoted fondness for the intoxicating drink, and sought for more frequent occasions to gratify his taste. His parents saw his growing appetite with alarm, and often admonished him, but with little effect; his appetite increased, and more than once they had the mortification of seeing their promising boy in a state of evident intoxication. Various were the remedies tried, but with little good; and they could only hope that time and his own good sense, would at length enable him to control the habit that threatened to ruin him. But an event occurred which blasted every hope, and they saw nothing before their child but a drunkard's life and a drunkard's grave.

One morning the little Dennie came running in with the eager inquiry—Mother, Mr. Smith is going to have a raising this afternoon, and James has invited me. May I go?  
"My son, if your father thinks it best, you may go," his mother replied.

His father's consent was readily obtained; and after dinner he started off full of happy anticipations. Arrived at the place, his situation was occupied for a time in the erection of the building; too soon, however, he discovered a key on the premises, which his ready genius quickly told him contained his favorite beverage. Without a moment's hesitation he asked for a drink—it was given him; he asked for another, then another, and before the afternoon was half gone, "Dennie" was dead drunk; and the workmen laid him on a board under a tree.

About four o'clock his father called to accompany him home; not seeing him, he eagerly inquired for his child—they pointed him to the place where he lay. With a heart full of sorrow he carried him home to his horrified mother and sisters. Together his parents watched by his bed during the tedious night that followed, not knowing but the dreadful tanager would result in his death; but fully resolved, if he lived, not to leave untended any effort that might promise to save him.

It was not until the evening of the second day that he was restored to perfect consciousness. His parents thought it best not to speak to him of the cause of his illness for some days, hoping his own reflections would do much more good; but in this they were disappointed—he did not exhibit the first symptom of remorse or consciousness that he had done wrong.

About a week after the event just related, his father invited him one pleasant morning to a walk. Their road lay along the shore of the lake, and was lined with stately trees on either side. For a time they walked on in silence.  
"Dennie," said he, "do you know what it was made you sick the other day?"  
"Why, I suppose I drank too much rum," he heartily replied.

"Well, my son, do you know that I think you are in danger of becoming a drunkard?"  
"Why, father, I know you tell me so, but I ain't afraid of it. You drink rum every day, and you are not a drunkard, and when I get old enough to know how much it will do for me, to drink, I can keep on becoming drunk too."

They both rested themselves on a rock near the shore, and most faithfully did his father speak of the evils of intemperance; then taking a small gold watch from his pocket, which Dennie had long desired to call his own, he said, "Dennie, if you will never drink any more rum I will give this gold watch. Will you do it?"  
Rising from his seat, and looking his father full in the face, he replied: "If it is wrong for me to drink rum, I secure to be hired not to drink it. But I will tell you, sir, what I will do—If it is wrong for me to drink it, I will do it, and if you stop drinking I will."

Had a flash of lightning burst from the cloudless sky above them, his father would not have been more startled. How could he get up in a cold winter night, and go and pray by the bedside of some dying parishioner, without a glass of something to prevent his taking cold? How could he attend to the various ecclesiastical meetings of the church, without something to help him bear the fatigues of the journey? The sacrifice was indeed great, but the welfare of his son demanded it. And summoning all his resolution, with a faltering voice, he replied—

"I will do it, my son." And thus they pledged themselves to total abstinence.

## ORIGINAL SKETCH.

THE WEISPER.

"When spring with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck the hallowed mold,  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod  
Than fairies' feet have ever trod."  
Collins.

The year rolled on, the period was fast arriving when Eliza was to return to the paternal roof, or the pale messenger of the sad premonition was to fulfill his augury!  
Within a few days of the time she had arranged for her departure, a weeping group stood beside the death couch of Eliza Grey. The revelation of the "sad low voice" was fulfilled. Like the dying swan, her last notes are remembered as her sweetest and loveliest. Death to the young teacher had lost its terrors, and the immortal smile of triumph, that lighted her pale cheek and spread its unearthly beauty over her marble brow, told that the destroyer "Dared not steal the signet-ring of Heaven."

Her request has been complied with; that morning I stood beside her grave and heard her story told, the leafy branch of a neighboring tree were alive with the music of birds.  
The morning breeze was laden with the perfume of flowers, and the dreamy sound of the waves of the Rappahannock, as they broke in subdued murmurs upon the shore, told that the slumberer could not have selected a more lovely resting place. There, lonely, but not forgotten, beneath the weeping willow, planted by the hand of the kind village pastor, sleep the remains of the interesting stranger, and often there

"The young village maid, when with flowers she dresses  
Her dark flowing hair for some festival day,  
Will think of her fate till neglecting her tresses,  
She mournfully turns from the mirror away."  
Then still let the wild bird warble, and the cool grass wave to the breeze—and there in its solemn sweetness, Sabbath after Sabbath, let the music of the "church-going bells" invite the pious to the feast of the sanctuary. Slumber on, young sleeper! By strangers honored, and by strangers mourned, thy spirit passed away! Beautiful pilgrim to a better land. Subdued and tearful watchers of thine own sweet self stood beside the fresh made grave, that shrouded from sight, but obscured not the memory of ELIZA GREY.

Her dark flowing hair for some festival day, Will think of her fate till neglecting her tresses, She mournfully turns from the mirror away." Then still let the wild bird warble, and the cool grass wave to the breeze—and there in its solemn sweetness, Sabbath after Sabbath, let the music of the "church-going bells" invite the pious to the feast of the sanctuary. Slumber on, young sleeper! By strangers honored, and by strangers mourned, thy spirit passed away! Beautiful pilgrim to a better land. Subdued and tearful watchers of thine own sweet self stood beside the fresh made grave, that shrouded from sight, but obscured not the memory of ELIZA GREY.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Dennie and his Father;

or  
The Double Pledge.

"On the shores of the beautiful Horicon, now known as Lake George, in the eastern part of New York, there lived, a few years ago, a clergyman, his happy family of five daughters, and a darling son, a boy of more than ordinary promise, were growing up under the influence and instruction of such parents as few children could boast. Happy among themselves, with their home amidst the most beautiful scenery in nature, life seemed to them a bright and glad reality. Occasionally, a shadow of anxiety might have been detected on the usually calm brows of both father and mother.

The time at which my story commences was before the days of temperance. It was when every family kept a supply of ardent spirits constantly on hand; and children were accustomed to the dangerous beverage daily. So it was in this family. The little 'Dennie,' accustomed every morning to his glass of bitters, and to treat every time a friend called upon the family during the day, soon began to show a devoted fondness for the intoxicating drink, and sought for more frequent occasions to gratify his taste. His parents saw his growing appetite with alarm, and often admonished him, but with little effect; his appetite increased, and more than once they had the mortification of seeing their promising boy in a state of evident intoxication. Various were the remedies tried, but with little good; and they could only hope that time and his own good sense, would at length enable him to control the habit that threatened to ruin him. But an event occurred which blasted every hope, and they saw nothing before their child but a drunkard's life and a drunkard's grave.

One morning the little Dennie came running in with the eager inquiry—Mother, Mr. Smith is going to have a raising this afternoon, and James has invited me. May I go?  
"My son, if your father thinks it best, you may go," his mother replied.

His father's consent was readily obtained; and after dinner he started off full of happy anticipations. Arrived at the place, his situation was occupied for a time in the erection of the building; too soon, however, he discovered a key on the premises, which his ready genius quickly told him contained his favorite beverage. Without a moment's hesitation he asked for a drink—it was given him; he asked for another, then another, and before the afternoon was half gone, "Dennie" was dead drunk; and the workmen laid him on a board under a tree.

About four o'clock his father called to accompany him home; not seeing him, he eagerly inquired for his child—they pointed him to the place where he lay. With a heart full of sorrow he carried him home to his horrified mother and sisters. Together his parents watched by his bed during the tedious night that followed, not knowing but the dreadful tanager would result in his death; but fully resolved, if he lived, not to leave untended any effort that might promise to save him.

It was not until the evening of the second day that he was restored to perfect consciousness. His parents thought it best not to speak to him of the cause of his illness for some days, hoping his own reflections would do much more good; but in this they were disappointed—he did not exhibit the first symptom of remorse or consciousness that he had done wrong.

About a week after the event just related, his father invited him one pleasant morning to a walk. Their road lay along the shore of the lake, and was lined with stately trees on either side. For a time they walked on in silence.  
"Dennie," said he, "do you know what it was made you sick the other day?"  
"Why, I suppose I drank too much rum," he heartily replied.

"Well, my son, do you know that I think you are in danger of becoming a drunkard?"  
"Why, father, I know you tell me so, but I ain't afraid of it. You drink rum every day, and you are not a drunkard, and when I get old enough to know how much it will do for me, to drink, I can keep on becoming drunk too."

They both rested themselves on a rock near the shore, and most faithfully did his father speak of the evils of intemperance; then taking a small gold watch from his pocket, which Dennie had long desired to call his own, he said, "Dennie, if you will never drink any more rum I will give this gold watch. Will you do it?"  
Rising from his seat, and looking his father full in the face, he replied: "If it is wrong for me to drink rum, I secure to be hired not to drink it. But I will tell you, sir, what I will do—If it is wrong for me to drink it, I will do it, and if you stop drinking I will."

Had a flash of lightning burst from the cloudless sky above them, his father would not have been more startled. How could he get up in a cold winter night, and go and pray by the bedside of some dying parishioner, without a glass of something to prevent his taking cold? How could he attend to the various ecclesiastical meetings of the church, without something to help him bear the fatigues of the journey? The sacrifice was indeed great, but the welfare of his son demanded it. And summoning all his resolution, with a faltering voice, he replied—

"I will do it, my son." And thus they pledged themselves to total abstinence.

## ORIGINAL SKETCH.

THE WEISPER.

"When spring with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck the hallowed mold,  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod  
Than fairies' feet have ever trod."  
Collins.

The year rolled on, the period was fast arriving when Eliza was to return to the paternal roof, or the pale messenger of the sad premonition was to fulfill his augury!  
Within a few days of the time she had arranged for her departure, a weeping group stood beside the death couch of Eliza Grey. The revelation of the "sad low voice" was fulfilled. Like the dying swan, her last notes are remembered as her sweetest and loveliest. Death to the young teacher had lost its terrors, and the immortal smile of triumph, that lighted her pale cheek and spread its unearthly beauty over her marble brow, told that the destroyer "Dared not steal the signet-ring of Heaven."

Her request has been complied with; that morning I stood beside her grave and heard her story told, the leafy branch of a neighboring tree were alive with the music of birds.  
The morning breeze was laden with the perfume of flowers, and the dreamy sound of the waves of the Rappahannock, as they broke in subdued murmurs upon the shore, told that the slumberer could not have selected a more lovely resting place. There, lonely, but not forgotten, beneath the weeping willow, planted by the hand of the kind village pastor, sleep the remains of the interesting stranger, and often there



Latest California News.

New York, March 19. The Northern Union is going up. The Northern Union is going up. The Northern Union is going up.

Our San Francisco dates are to the 26th, and were brought down by the Uncle Sam. The ship brought 262 passengers and \$92,000 in gold.

Business was entirely prostrate, which was caused by the suspension of five of the banking houses.

The news of the Page & Bacon difficulty reached San Francisco on the 17th, causing a great run on the house, which was met.

They paid half a million. A meeting of the merchants and bankers declared the house sound, which restored confidence, and affairs seemed to wear a better aspect.

On the 22d, however, Page, Bacon & Co., suspended, and were followed by Adams & Co., Wells, Fargo & Co., Robinson & Co., and Wright, the Miners' Depository. The excitement was intense.

The Legislature adjourned sine die on the 16th, by a vote of 43 to 44. Those voting in the minority were, principally, the friends of Mr. Gayman.

Adams & Co. have closed all their branches without paying a dollar except in San Francisco, where on the 23d they stood a run of \$260,000; Wells, Fargo & Co., closed here, but their country branches paid as long as the coin could be obtained in exchange for dust and bars.

The house announced that they would resume payment in San Francisco on the 26th. It was feared that Adams & Co. could not resume in six days, if at all.

Page, Bacon & Co. will probably resume in a few days—depositors having granted time on \$100,000 assets shares. Large failures caused a detention of the steamer until the 26th. There are rumors of heavy failures amongst merchants, but we have nothing authentic.

Owing to the scarcity of water, but little gold was taken from the mines. The heavy rains commenced on the 25th and still continue when the steamer left.

The news from Kern river is of an exciting character. The miners, it was said, were averaging \$10 to \$20 per day. The steamers were going down crowded with passengers.

On the morning of the 6th, the St. Charles Hotel and Hiltman's Hotel, in San Francisco, were destroyed by fire—Loss \$50,000.

In Nevada, sixteen houses were burned on the 16th, and in Stockton twenty-five houses were destroyed by fire on the 21st.

The Indian troubles were on the increase. Some ten white men and seventy-nine Indians had been killed.

The native Californians had held several meetings in San Francisco for taking steps to emigrate to Sonora.

The steamer Oregon, from Panama, and Sierra Nevada, from San Juan, had arrived. The Oregon Legislature adjourned on the first of February. The Washington Legislature has made Olympia the capital of the Territory.

A letter from Page, Bacon & Co., states that they would certainly resume business on the first of March in San Francisco, and all their branches.

CENTRAL AMERICA.—Chomero still succeeded, having taken all the towns occupied by the revolutionists except Leon. Our Sandwich Island dates are to the third of February. There is no news.

The U. S. ship Porpoise arrived at Tahiti; all well. She sails soon for the United States.

SYDNEY.—Australia dates to the 20th of December are received. The riot at Ballarat, which previously had a commencement, resulted in a conflict between the troops and miners. Eighteen miners and twenty-two troops were killed.

San Francisco Markets.—Although business is very dull, quotations exhibit no material change. Gallego and Haxall flour \$15; coffee is firm at 14 1/2 @ 15; land adamantine candles 60 @ 62; land 14 1/2 @ 15; butler 45 @ 47; hams 19; clear pork \$21.

The London Morning Herald of the 1st, has the following despatches from Ceylon, dated the first of February. They announce that the people of Australia have risen, and declared their independence. Troops have been put down the insurrection, that sanguinary engagements had been fought, and that Melbourne was in a state of siege. This news was received by the overland mail, and it no doubt refers to the disturbances at the diggings. The Australian dates are not given. The dispatch is evidently got up for continental circulation.

LATER FROM TEXAS.—Galveston papers to the 8th inst., have been received at New Orleans. The municipal election in Galveston took place on the 25th. J. E. Hayland, was elected Mayor. The news says the election was closely contested, and the Know Nothings succeeded in electing most of their ticket. Everything went off harmoniously.

The Galveston Journal in commenting on the election, remarks: "The city election is over at last, and the Democratic ticket is beaten. The vote cast in this election settles it beyond a doubt that a new organization has a large majority in this country, and that henceforth upon it will devolve the responsibility of filling all offices dependent upon the people for support."

The Democrats of Johnson county have recently held a meeting, passed anti-Know-Nothing resolutions, and nominated the Hon. Linn Boyd for President.

The Democracy of Pike county have nominated Linn Boyd for President, and passed, in meeting, resolutions similar to those of Johnson.—Frankfort Freeman.

The race for the next Presidency is to be a no-man, free-field, a scrub race. So trot out your nags, gentlemen. Why not Linn Boyd as well as George Law? The Democrats have shown the nation that a President can be manufactured out of any small quantity of raw material.—Lex. Mail.

From the Richmond (Va.) Wing. Buckle! Buckle!—Startling Revelations!!

The *Enquirer* and *Examiner* have given to the world what purports to be the constitution and ritual of the Know-Nothing order. We too, have a most wonderful and awful expose to make.

We tremble while we write. The Know-Nothing men will surely be the ruin of the country. There was never anything in the history of the world before to equal their impudence, their brazen audacity, their treasonable designs. They have put this blessed country right on the brink of perdition. Not only so, but every hand and every government on earth are in imminent danger from them.

They are, indeed, traitors, villains, madmen, fiends, devils incarnate. In the name of all that is good, what is to become of us all? We verily believe that all the men, women and children in the United States and the Island of Acco-ma, and the Musquito Kingdom, and the Feejee Islands, and a part of the moon, are to be put to the sword by the infamous Know-Nothings. Which way shall we fly? Which way shall we fly?

Verily, we know not what to do or what to recommend to save the necks of the dear, innocent people. The thought of seeing them murdered, and butchered, and killed over and over again, just to gratify the murderous propensities of a band of midnight conspirators, fill our mind and heart, and one of our eyes, and several of our toes, with unutterable horror. Oh! mercy, mercy! Oh!—such grief as ours no man ever experienced.

It is almost too much for our delicate constitution. We would not mind being exterminated ourselves, but the idea of any harm being done to the dear people of Virginia—the voting population of the State! This is too much. They are the jewels of our heart, the rose-buds of our affection, the divinities we worship with a pure and fervent spirit, day in and day out—day in and day out. How can we give them up to be devoured by the Know-Nothing monsters? If such is to be their fate can we do other than die of despondency—no personal, but patriotic sorrow? Heaven save the voters of Virginia! till after the election, and then let the devil, for what we care, take them all in a lump. And then your sentiments, Mr. Richmond *Enquirer*!

But here are Know-Nothing revelations more horrible and startling than ever the *Examiner* or *Enquirer* made. Aye, they make our flesh crawl from head to heel. They strike us with unutterable alarm, and we can almost see whole worlds tumbling to destruction. The awful exposure we give below was made, we learn, by Mr. Glauber Sautz, of Milan, Ohio. Our readers can do just as they please about believing it; but we beg them for the safety of themselves, their country, and posterity, and especially for the safety of the endangered South to give it implicit credence, take warning and prepare for the worst. Immortal honor, say we, to the patriot, Mr. Glauber Sautz, of Milan, Ohio. His discovery may be the means of saving a threatened universe. Here it is, and we beg the voters of Virginia, and the Richmond *Enquirer* in particular, to read and tremble!

"Whenever any person expresses, in the presence of a Know-Nothing, a strong desire to become a member of the Order, he is privately informed that he must be at a certain corner at the hour of twelve, whistling Yankee Doodle out of two corners of his mouth and Hail Columbia out of the other; then he must have a copy of the Constitution of the United States in one of his boots, (or shoes as the case may be,) and the Declaration of Independence in the other, (or shoe as the case may be,) that when a person passes him, in a slouch hat, whistling the 'Star Spangled Banner,' he (the candidate) must follow. He will be led up a dark stairway, into a dark room. He will then be sworn by some person whom the darkness conceals, never to reveal anything that he may hear or see during the meeting. After taking this oath, a light suddenly illuminates the room, and five men in masks approach the candidate, holding in their hands the American flag, made out of twelve hundred yards of American silk, which they roll about the candidate, completely encasing him, after the fashion of an Egyptian mummy. The five then shoulder the candidate and carry him into the lodge. Though he cannot see, he can hear, and the Great Grand Plume—the highest officer—administers a terrible oath, swearing the candidate never to reveal any of the pass-words, signs, tokens, grips, principles, designs or private work of the Order, on penalty of being sent to the Penitentiary or the Ohio Legislature! If the case is not too aggravated, the violator would only be visited upon the violator by sending him to the Penitentiary, but the extreme penalty for violation is the Legislature."

"After taking this oath, the candidate is rolled around the room, this being the speediest way of unwinding the flag. He sees the members standing around him all in masks. The five principles are then read to him, and after he has sworn to observe them, he is compelled to run a splinter—previously taken from a liberty pole—into the index finger of his left hand, and with the splinter and his own blood, he signs the Constitution and By-Laws of the Order. Physicians on being admitted into the Order, are compelled to take an additional oath, to the effect that they will mistake strychnine for calomel in administering medicines to Dutch and Irish Catholics. Lawyers have to swear that they will abandon the habit of *lying and deception* in dealing with native born American clients. Many lawyers have left the Order."

Mayor Wood of New York has commenced war on the milkmen for adulterating milk. A number of them have been recognized to answer. This business has been carried on with perfect impunity for the past twenty years and more, and all attempts that have been made to suppress it have proved useless. Over two-thirds of the milk sold in New York is obtained either from the cows fed on willow or adulterated; and it is so deleterious that thousands of children die annually from sickness produced by it. The milkmen stop at the public pumps in the suburbs and mix the article with water and a white powder.

'SAM' AT THE Fag-End of the Session.—CHOKED OFF BY BRECKINRIDGE.—HE 'STILL LIVES.'—We didn't expect 'Sam' to do much with the late Congress. It was positively unfit for any decent, orderly, and honest youth like 'Sam' to associate with. He has picked out a seat, however, for the next session, and will devote all his time to correcting the legislative blunders of the last. And plenty of work he has before him—but he will do it all. Make a note of that!

At the eleventh hour, Mr. Wentworth, (Mass.) from the Committee on Commerce, reported a bill to prevent the introduction of foreign paupers, criminals, insane and blind persons into the United States. Now, one would naturally suppose that no native American—no matter how intensely Anti "Know-Nothing"—could object to a measure calculated so directly to diminish crime and lighten taxation. Had the bill opposed the immigration of all foreigners, or been in any respect severe, some such opposition might have been looked for. But how any American citizen—with a pair of eyes in his head—can fail to see the imperative need, and recognize the justice of such a bill, passes our comprehension. Such conduct is a part and parcel of that contemptible cringing for foreign votes, by which our liberties have been jeopardized, and our national character made a laughing-stock and a reproach. That is the easiest way to explain it.

Well, the Know-Nothingists always come across somebody to do their work, and a willing man was found in the person of Mr. Breckinridge of Kentucky. He commenced by stigmatizing the bill as "Anti-Republican." That will do to begin with. Republicanism we take to imply, among other things, the "greatest good to the greatest number." Are the majority benefited by letting in a horde of foreign murderers to cut their throats? thieves to break open their houses, paupers to eat up their substance, helpless victims of misfortune to be supported by a public already taxed to the utmost in behalf of its own kind and kin? But Mr. Breckinridge goes on: "It is one of the fruits of that spirit which is now sweeping like a hurricane over the land."

True as gospel—that, and Breckinridge's effort to "head it off" is about on a par with the original Mrs. Partington's ineffectual endeavors to drive back the tides of the Atlantic with a mop. The orator is, however, "willing to abide the time when there will be a reaction of public sentiment." We hope he will have a good time abiding the time. For one thing above all others is certain, to-wit: as this nation gets older, it becomes more actually jealous of foreign influence, and as space hands fill up, there will be less need of permitting the immigration of any foreigners whatever, even the most thrifty and industrious. Nothing is surer than this. The American party will last—at least until the whole nation is brought over to its views and there ceases to be an appreciable minority.

The bill, just as we expected, was tabled, by a vote of 67 against 53. It was the crowning achievement of a House which, for general incapacity, humbug, stupid speech, school-boy twaddle, and general farce, has never been equalled in competition. We rejoice over the defeat of the bill at such hands. "What have I done that such a man should praise me?" What has the American party done that such a band of congressional placemen and demagogues should lend it their support. We want none of their assistance. We can flourish without them. We care nothing for their opposition.

N. Y. American Times.

New Orleans, March 18. Orizaba, Mexico, dates to the 3d have been received. Santa Anna left the capital on the 26th with all the troops but 1,800. The report that reached the department is that Cuernavaca defeated the insurgents under Moreno, the deserter, who was taken prisoner and shot, and also forced the main army of Alvarez to retire, after a desperate struggle near Chilpancingo and returned to the capital.

It is reported that Santa Anna defeated the insurgents under Moreno, and also compelled the main body under Gen. Alvarez to retire, after a desperate battle. He then retired to the capital.

Advices from Brownsville, of the 7th, state that a Mexican steamer was taken on board troops at the mouth of the Rio Grande; all destined for Vera Cruz or Tampico.

Baltimore, March 19. New Orleans papers of Monday are received. They contain details of the Mexican news of the 5th. The Herald of the 4th says: "The insurgents were flying before Santa Anna, and his presence South had been sufficient to make the revolutionists experience the greatest rout. A letter from the Minister of War, dated Ignola, March 1st, says Moreno has been captured by Santa Anna, and would be executed. The rebels were also routed by the Government troops at Predogordo. General Ampudia has taken possession of Yucatan, and the war there was ended. The accounts are probably exaggerated."

Our dates from the Rio Grande are to the 22d ult., and Galveston to the 10th.

QUEER DOG.—It has been discovered that a keeper of a lager beer cellar in the Bowery, New York, for the purpose of evading the law requiring him to close his place on Sunday, has been in the habit of holding pretended service therein, officiating himself as the leader of ceremonies. He takes the bible, reads a chapter or two, serves each of his hearers with a glass of beer, and takes up a collection! As the constitution probably did not contemplate so much liberty of conscience, the arrangement will be interfered with by the police.

The Hon. Zadock Pratt, who is said to have tanned more horses than any other man in the country, gave a lecture last Thursday evening in New York upon "that noble animal, the Horse." The total estimated value of the horses in this country is \$300,000,000. The best trotters are of Canadian origin, while the Arabian horse excels in a canter.

Know Nothing! Guiltless would!

The Manchester (N. H.) Democrat in speaking of the influences brought to bear upon the pending election in that State, says this:

It is known in this city that \$4,000 was forwarded here by the President at the commencement of the campaign. To what purpose it has been applied we have no knowledge. Last week, \$7,500 was forwarded to Mr. Daley, the Catholic priest at Concord, who is well known upon the railroad above Concord as a political missionary among the Irish Catholics located on the line of Northern and Montreal roads. This sum was forwarded to him through Thompson & Co's express, to care of John Grass, Concord, as facts. Of course, we have no means of knowing the use to which it is to be applied, and we merely state what has come to our knowledge. In this city, the free use of money among the Nebrascals is already apparent. Theatrical notices in the American, of a certain prominent Hunker (formerly keeper of a grocery at the lower end of Elm street) to purchase a vote for \$25, is not a solitary instance of the corruption which prevails during the present campaign."

Gen. Houston, in the course of his lecture at Boston on slavery, said: "In the part of the country in which I live, we find the adaption or climate, soil and production, have commanded and demanded the labors of a class of laborers who have been expelled from this part of the country. The slave is not there doomed to a state of abject cruelty; he is not doomed to heathenism. They are under the care of masters who see that on the Sabbath the slaves attend the worship of the Supreme being. The word of God is either given them by men of their own color, or by white preachers, and they are instructed in the precepts of religion. Masters who are rightly constituted, feel that their slaves should be come acquainted with the mysteries of religion. They do not wish them to labor on that day. I say it with all sincerity, that I have known but two masters who have been charged with employing their slaves on the Sabbath, and their houses have become like infected places. No one consorts with them—no one would confide offices of trust or distinction to them. These I know are statements which are not in accordance with the excited state of feeling in certain portions of our country; but they are nevertheless true, and I feel called upon to state the truth in return for that respect with which I am sure it will be received.—[Applause.]

Gen. Houston, in the course of his lecture at Boston on slavery, said: "In the part of the country in which I live, we find the adaption or climate, soil and production, have commanded and demanded the labors of a class of laborers who have been expelled from this part of the country. The slave is not there doomed to a state of abject cruelty; he is not doomed to heathenism. They are under the care of masters who see that on the Sabbath the slaves attend the worship of the Supreme being. The word of God is either given them by men of their own color, or by white preachers, and they are instructed in the precepts of religion. Masters who are rightly constituted, feel that their slaves should be come acquainted with the mysteries of religion. They do not wish them to labor on that day. I say it with all sincerity, that I have known but two masters who have been charged with employing their slaves on the Sabbath, and their houses have become like infected places. No one consorts with them—no one would confide offices of trust or distinction to them. These I know are statements which are not in accordance with the excited state of feeling in certain portions of our country; but they are nevertheless true, and I feel called upon to state the truth in return for that respect with which I am sure it will be received.—[Applause.]

Gen. Houston, in the course of his lecture at Boston on slavery, said: "In the part of the country in which I live, we find the adaption or climate, soil and production, have commanded and demanded the labors of a class of laborers who have been expelled from this part of the country. The slave is not there doomed to a state of abject cruelty; he is not doomed to heathenism. They are under the care of masters who see that on the Sabbath the slaves attend the worship of the Supreme being. The word of God is either given them by men of their own color, or by white preachers, and they are instructed in the precepts of religion. Masters who are rightly constituted, feel that their slaves should be come acquainted with the mysteries of religion. They do not wish them to labor on that day. I say it with all sincerity, that I have known but two masters who have been charged with employing their slaves on the Sabbath, and their houses have become like infected places. No one consorts with them—no one would confide offices of trust or distinction to them. These I know are statements which are not in accordance with the excited state of feeling in certain portions of our country; but they are nevertheless true, and I feel called upon to state the truth in return for that respect with which I am sure it will be received.—[Applause.]

Gen. Houston, in the course of his lecture at Boston on slavery, said: "In the part of the country in which I live, we find the adaption or climate, soil and production, have commanded and demanded the labors of a class of laborers who have been expelled from this part of the country. The slave is not there doomed to a state of abject cruelty; he is not doomed to heathenism. They are under the care of masters who see that on the Sabbath the slaves attend the worship of the Supreme being. The word of God is either given them by men of their own color, or by white preachers, and they are instructed in the precepts of religion. Masters who are rightly constituted, feel that their slaves should be come acquainted with the mysteries of religion. They do not wish them to labor on that day. I say it with all sincerity, that I have known but two masters who have been charged with employing their slaves on the Sabbath, and their houses have become like infected places. No one consorts with them—no one would confide offices of trust or distinction to them. These I know are statements which are not in accordance with the excited state of feeling in certain portions of our country; but they are nevertheless true, and I feel called upon to state the truth in return for that respect with which I am sure it will be received.—[Applause.]

Gen. Houston, in the course of his lecture at Boston on slavery, said: "In the part of the country in which I live, we find the adaption or climate, soil and production, have commanded and demanded the labors of a class of laborers who have been expelled from this part of the country. The slave is not there doomed to a state of abject cruelty; he is not doomed to heathenism. They are under the care of masters who see that on the Sabbath the slaves attend the worship of the Supreme being. The word of God is either given them by men of their own color, or by white preachers, and they are instructed in the precepts of religion. Masters who are rightly constituted, feel that their slaves should be come acquainted with the mysteries of religion. They do not wish them to labor on that day. I say it with all sincerity, that I have known but two masters who have been charged with employing their slaves on the Sabbath, and their houses have become like infected places. No one consorts with them—no one would confide offices of trust or distinction to them. These I know are statements which are not in accordance with the excited state of feeling in certain portions of our country; but they are nevertheless true, and I feel called upon to state the truth in return for that respect with which I am sure it will be received.—[Applause.]

Gen. Houston, in the course of his lecture at Boston on slavery, said: "In the part of the country in which I live, we find the adaption or climate, soil and production, have commanded and demanded the labors of a class of laborers who have been expelled from this part of the country. The slave is not there doomed to a state of abject cruelty; he is not doomed to heathenism. They are under the care of masters who see that on the Sabbath the slaves attend the worship of the Supreme being. The word of God is either given them by men of their own color, or by white preachers, and they are instructed in the precepts of religion. Masters who are rightly constituted, feel that their slaves should be come acquainted with the mysteries of religion. They do not wish them to labor on that day. I say it with all sincerity, that I have known but two masters who have been charged with employing their slaves on the Sabbath, and their houses have become like infected places. No one consorts with them—no one would confide offices of trust or distinction to them. These I know are statements which are not in accordance with the excited state of feeling in certain portions of our country; but they are nevertheless true, and I feel called upon to state the truth in return for that respect with which I am sure it will be received.—[Applause.]

Gen. Houston, in the course of his lecture at Boston on slavery, said: "In the part of the country in which I live, we find the adaption or climate, soil and production, have commanded and demanded the labors of a class of laborers who have been expelled from this part of the country. The slave is not there doomed to a state of abject cruelty; he is not doomed to heathenism. They are under the care of masters who see that on the Sabbath the slaves attend the worship of the Supreme being. The word of God is either given them by men of their own color, or by white preachers, and they are instructed in the precepts of religion. Masters who are rightly constituted, feel that their slaves should be come acquainted with the mysteries of religion. They do not wish them to labor on that day. I say it with all sincerity, that I have known but two masters who have been charged with employing their slaves on the Sabbath, and their houses have become like infected places. No one consorts with them—no one would confide offices of trust or distinction to them. These I know are statements which are not in accordance with the excited state of feeling in certain portions of our country; but they are nevertheless true, and I feel called upon to state the truth in return for that respect with which I am sure it will be received.—[Applause.]

Gen. Houston, in the course of his lecture at Boston on slavery, said: "In the part of the country in which I live, we find the adaption or climate, soil and production, have commanded and demanded the labors of a class of laborers who have been expelled from this part of the country. The slave is not there doomed to a state of abject cruelty; he is not doomed to heathenism. They are under the care of masters who see that on the Sabbath the slaves attend the worship of the Supreme being. The word of God is either given them by men of their own color, or by white preachers, and they are instructed in the precepts of religion. Masters who are rightly constituted, feel that their slaves should be come acquainted with the mysteries of religion. They do not wish them to labor on that day. I say it with all sincerity, that I have known but two masters who have been charged with employing their slaves on the Sabbath, and their houses have become like infected places. No one consorts with them—no one would confide offices of trust or distinction to them. These I know are statements which are not in accordance with the excited state of feeling in certain portions of our country; but they are nevertheless true, and I feel called upon to state the truth in return for that respect with which I am sure it will be received.—[Applause.]

Gen. Houston, in the course of his lecture at Boston on slavery, said: "In the part of the country in which I live, we find the adaption or climate, soil and production, have commanded and demanded the labors of a class of laborers who have been expelled from this part of the country. The slave is not there doomed to a state of abject cruelty; he is not doomed to heathenism. They are under the care of masters who see that on the Sabbath the slaves attend the worship of the Supreme being. The word of God is either given them by men of their own color, or by white preachers, and they are instructed in the precepts of religion. Masters who are rightly constituted, feel that their slaves should be come acquainted with the mysteries of religion. They do not wish them to labor on that day. I say it with all sincerity, that I have known but two masters who have been charged with employing their slaves on the Sabbath, and their houses have become like infected places. No one consorts with them—no one would confide offices of trust or distinction to them. These I know are statements which are not in accordance with the excited state of feeling in certain portions of our country; but they are nevertheless true, and I feel called upon to state the truth in return for that respect with which I am sure it will be received.—[Applause.]

Gen. Houston, in the course of his lecture at Boston on slavery, said: "In the part of the country in which I live, we find the adaption or climate, soil and production, have commanded and demanded the labors of a class of laborers who have been expelled from this part of the country. The slave is not there doomed to a state of abject cruelty; he is not doomed to heathenism. They are under the care of masters who see that on the Sabbath the slaves attend the worship of the Supreme being. The word of God is either given them by men of their own color, or by white preachers, and they are instructed in the precepts of religion. Masters who are rightly constituted, feel that their slaves should be come acquainted with the mysteries of religion. They do not wish them to labor on that day. I say it with all sincerity, that I have known but two masters who have been charged with employing their slaves on the Sabbath, and their houses have become like infected places. No one consorts with them—no one would confide offices of trust or distinction to them. These I know are statements which are not in accordance with the excited state of feeling in certain portions of our country; but they are nevertheless true, and I feel called upon to state the truth in return for that respect with which I am sure it will be received.—[Applause.]

Gen. Houston, in the course of his lecture at Boston on slavery, said: "In the part of the country in which I live, we find the adaption or climate, soil and production, have commanded and demanded the labors of a class of laborers who have been expelled from this part of the country. The slave is not there doomed to a state of abject cruelty; he is not doomed to heathenism. They are under the care of masters who see that on the Sabbath the slaves attend the worship of the Supreme being. The word of God is either given them by men of their own color, or by white preachers, and they are instructed in the precepts of religion. Masters who are rightly constituted, feel that their slaves should be come acquainted with the mysteries of religion. They do not wish them to labor on that day. I say it with all sincerity, that I have known but two masters who have been charged with employing their slaves on the Sabbath, and their houses have become like infected places. No one consorts with them—no one would confide offices of trust or distinction to them. These I know are statements which are not in accordance with the excited state of feeling in certain portions of our country; but they are nevertheless true, and I feel called upon to state the truth in return for that respect with which I am sure it will be received.—[Applause.]

Gen. Houston, in the course of his lecture at Boston on slavery, said: "In the part of the country in which I live, we find the adaption or climate, soil and production, have commanded and demanded the labors of a class of laborers who have been expelled from this part of the country. The slave is not there doomed to a state of abject cruelty; he is not doomed to heathenism. They are under the care of masters who see that on the Sabbath the slaves attend the worship of the Supreme being. The word of God is either given them by men of their own color, or by white preachers, and they are instructed in the precepts of religion. Masters who are rightly constituted, feel that their slaves should be come acquainted with the mysteries of religion. They do not wish them to labor on that day. I say it with all sincerity, that I have known but two masters who have been charged with employing their slaves on the Sabbath, and their houses have become like infected places. No one consorts with them—no one would confide offices of trust or distinction to them. These I know are statements which are not in accordance with the excited state of feeling in certain portions of our country; but they are nevertheless true, and I feel called upon to state the truth in return for that respect with which I am sure it will be received.—[Applause.]

Gen. Houston, in the course of his lecture at Boston on slavery, said: "In the part of the country in which I live, we find the adaption or climate, soil and production, have commanded and demanded the labors of a class of laborers who have been expelled from this part of the country. The slave is not there doomed to a state of abject cruelty; he is not doomed to heathenism. They are under the care of masters who see that on the Sabbath the slaves attend the worship of the Supreme being. The word of God is either given them by men of their own color, or by white preachers, and they are instructed in the precepts of religion. Masters who are rightly constituted, feel that their slaves should be come acquainted with the mysteries of religion. They do not wish them to labor on that day. I say it with all sincerity, that I have known but two masters who have been charged with employing their slaves on the Sabbath, and their houses have become like infected places. No one consorts with them—no one would confide offices of trust or distinction to them. These I know are statements which are not in accordance with the excited state of feeling in certain portions of our country; but they are nevertheless true, and I feel called upon to state the truth in return for that respect with which I am sure it will be received.—[Applause.]

Gen. Houston, in the course of his lecture at Boston on slavery, said: "In the part of the country in which I live, we find the adaption or climate, soil and production, have commanded and demanded the labors of a class of laborers who have been expelled from this part of the country. The slave is not there doomed to a state of abject cruelty; he is not doomed to heathenism. They are under the care of masters who see that on the Sabbath the slaves attend the worship of the Supreme being. The word of God is either given them by men of their own color, or by white preachers, and they are instructed in the precepts of religion. Masters who are rightly constituted, feel that their slaves should be come acquainted with the mysteries of religion. They do not wish them to labor on that day. I say it with all sincerity, that I have known but two masters who have been charged with employing their slaves on the Sabbath, and their houses have become like infected places. No one consorts with them—no one would confide offices of trust or distinction to them. These I know are statements which are not in accordance with the excited state of feeling in certain portions of our country; but they are nevertheless true, and I feel called upon to state the truth in return for that respect with which I am sure it will be received.—[Applause.]

Gen. Houston, in the course of his lecture at Boston on slavery, said: "In the part of the country in which I live, we find the adaption or climate, soil and production, have commanded and demanded the labors of a class of laborers who have been expelled from this part of the country. The slave is not there doomed to a state of abject cruelty; he is not doomed to heathenism. They are under the care of masters who see that on the Sabbath the slaves attend the worship of the Supreme being. The word of God is either given them by men of their own color, or by white preachers, and they are instructed in the precepts of religion. Masters who are rightly constituted, feel that their slaves should be come acquainted with the mysteries of religion. They do not wish them to labor on that day. I say it with all sincerity, that I have known but two masters who have been charged with employing their slaves on the Sabbath, and their houses have become like infected places. No one consorts with them—no one would confide offices of trust or distinction to them. These I know are statements which are not in accordance with the excited state of feeling in certain portions of our country; but they are nevertheless true, and I feel called upon to state the truth in return for that respect with which I am sure it will be received.—[Applause.]

Gen. Houston, in the course of his lecture at Boston on slavery, said: "In the part of the country in which I live, we find the adaption or climate, soil and production, have commanded and demanded the labors of a class of laborers who have been expelled from this part of the country. The slave is not there doomed to a state of abject cruelty; he is not doomed to heathenism. They are under the care of masters who see that on the Sabbath the slaves attend the worship of the Supreme being. The word of God is either given them by men of their own color, or by white preachers, and they are instructed in the precepts of religion. Masters who are rightly constituted, feel that their slaves should be come acquainted with the mysteries of religion. They do not wish them to labor on that day. I say it with all sincerity, that I have known but two masters who have been charged with employing their slaves on the Sabbath, and their houses have become like infected places. No one consorts with them—no one would confide offices of trust or distinction to them. These I know are statements which are not in accordance with the excited state of feeling in certain portions of our country; but they are nevertheless true, and I feel called upon to state the truth in return for that respect with which I am sure it will be received.—[Applause.]

Gen. Houston, in the course of his lecture at Boston on slavery, said: "In the part of the country in which I live, we find the adaption or climate, soil and production, have commanded and demanded the labors of a class of laborers who have been expelled from this part of the country. The slave is not there doomed to a state of abject cruelty; he is not doomed to heathenism. They are under the care of masters who see that on the Sabbath the slaves attend the worship of the Supreme being. The word of God is either given them by men of their own color, or by white preachers, and they are instructed in the precepts of religion. Masters who are rightly constituted, feel that their slaves should be come acquainted with the mysteries of religion. They do not wish them to labor on that day. I say it with all sincerity, that I have known but two masters who have been charged with employing their slaves on the Sabbath, and their houses have become like infected places. No one consorts with them—no one would confide offices of trust or distinction to them. These I know are statements which are not in accordance with the excited state of feeling in certain portions of our country; but they are nevertheless true, and I feel called upon to state the truth in return for that respect with which I am sure it will be received.—[Applause.]

Gen. Houston, in the course of his lecture at Boston on slavery, said: "In the part of the country in which I live, we find the adaption or climate, soil and production, have commanded and demanded the labors of a class of laborers who have been expelled from this part of the country. The slave is not there doomed to a state of abject cruelty; he is not doomed to heathenism. They are under the care of masters who see that on the Sabbath the slaves attend the worship of the Supreme being. The word of God is either given them by men of their own color, or by white preachers, and they are instructed in the precepts of religion. Masters who are rightly constituted, feel that their slaves should be come acquainted with the mysteries of religion. They do not wish them to labor on that day. I say it with all sincerity, that I have known but two masters who have been charged with employing their slaves on the Sabbath, and their houses have become like infected places. No one consorts with them—no one would confide offices of trust or distinction to them. These I know are statements which are not in accordance with the excited state of feeling in certain portions of our country; but they are nevertheless true, and I feel called upon to state the truth in return for that respect with which I am sure it will be received.—[Applause.]

Gen. Houston, in the course of his lecture at Boston on slavery, said: "In the part of the country in which I live, we find the adaption or climate, soil and production, have commanded and demanded the labors of a class of laborers who have been expelled from this part of the country. The slave is not there doomed to a state of abject cruelty; he is not doomed to heathenism. They are under the care of masters who see that on the Sabbath the slaves attend the worship of the Supreme being. The word of God is either given them by men of their own color, or by white preachers, and they are instructed in the precepts of religion. Masters who are rightly constituted, feel that their slaves should be come acquainted with the mysteries of religion. They do not wish them to labor on that day. I say it with all sincerity, that I have known but two masters who have been charged with employing their slaves on the Sabbath, and their houses have become like infected places. No one consorts with them—no one would confide offices of trust or distinction to them. These I know are statements which are not in accordance with the excited state of feeling in certain portions of our country; but they are nevertheless true, and I feel called upon to state the truth in return for that respect with which I am sure it will be received.—[Applause.]

Gen. Houston, in the course of his lecture at Boston on slavery, said: "In the part of the country in which I live, we find the adaption or climate, soil and production, have commanded and demanded the labors of a class of laborers who have been expelled from this part of the country. The slave is not there doomed to a state of abject cruelty; he is not doomed to heathenism. They are under the care of masters who see that on the Sabbath the slaves attend the worship of the Supreme being. The word of God is either given them by men of their own color, or by white preachers, and they are instructed in the precepts of religion. Masters who are rightly constituted, feel that their slaves should be come acquainted with the mysteries of religion. They do not wish them to labor on that day. I say it with all sincerity, that I have





DANVILLE, KY.,  
FRIDAY, MARCH 23, 1855.

The editors of the Louisville Journal and Frankfort Commonwealth have taken a stand that it is inexpedient for the Whigs to hold a State Convention at this time. This is doubtless the opinion of most of the Whigs throughout the State. To nominate a Whig ticket now, would be to subject Whig principles to certain defeat, and would undoubtedly result in the election of the ticket nominated by the so-called Democratic party. There are already two tickets before the people of the State, and as it is evident there will not be a third, it is no very difficult matter for us to choose between the two. We claim to be as good Whigs as any in the land, but just at this time we regard the principles of the Native American party as far superior in importance to any which divided the old parties, and are free to admit that we would rejoice at the triumph of the measures proposed by that organization. We expect, therefore, in the present canvass, to give our support to the American ticket, because we prefer the men composing it to those on the Democratic ticket, and because their principles, so far as we know them, are worthy the support of every true American citizen.

The revival of religion which we noticed last week as being in progress in the Presbyterian Churches, in this place, still continues in interest. A large number of persons have become awakened and are soliciting the prayers of the church.

Our young friend, C. B. YOUNGER, Esq., a few days since made us a very acceptable present in the shape of a handsome cane. He will please accept our thanks for the same.

The CANVASS.—The Congressional canvass in this district has commenced in good earnest. Messrs. Fox and Talbot have already met in debate at Liberty, Crab Orchard and Stanford. The Native Americans of the district have cause to be proud of their standard-bearer, for they could not have selected an able advocate of their great principles, than Maj. Fox. The accounts which have reached here from other parts of the district show the people to be O. K.

Hon. Mr. Christian spoke at Stanford on Monday last. We have no account of his speech, except that he consumed considerable time, and that the Know-Nothings received his most particular attention. If reports be true, he is actually doing the Know-Nothings good service by speaking against them. It is not fully understood yet whether Mr. C. will or will not be a candidate for re-election. He will doubtless think twice at least before he enters the field, with nothing but a certainty of most inglorious defeat staring him in the face.

THE LATEST FROM RUSSIA.—The death of the Czar of Russia.—The latest news brought the startling intelligence of the death of the Czar. The despatch it is thought says he died of apoplexy after an attack of influenza, on the morning of the 2d inst. It is said, however, that the Russian Minister at Washington contradicts the report, and the arrival of the next steamer from Europe is anxiously looked for, that the truth may be ascertained. War matters have undergone very little change. The peace conference was to meet at Vienna on the 5th inst., and expectations of peace are becoming stronger.

TORNADO.—A fearful, but short-lived tornado passed over our town on Friday evening last. A portion of the brick dwelling house of Mr. G. W. Collins was unroofed and some of the timbers carried off the roof of the street. No other serious damage was done. How our friend of the Louisville Courier got hold of the information contained in the following paragraph from his paper of the 21st we cannot tell. He must have received it by the grape vine telegraph or from some other reliable source:

TORNADO AT DANVILLE.—The beautiful town of Danville was done for by a tornado on last Friday afternoon. About fifteen houses were blown down, the churches and other public buildings greatly damaged. The loss will exceed twenty thousand dollars.

BANK BUSINESS.—We understand that while Hon. Mr. Christian was speaking at Stanford on Monday last, and giving the Know-Nothings particular "fix," "Sam" was busily engaged in another part of the town initiating between thirty and forty new members. Mr. Christian had better speak again. His efforts seem at last to be doing some good.

MAJ. BRECKINRIDGE WILL NOT BE A CANDIDATE.—The Lexington Statesman of Tuesday publishes a card from Maj. Breckinridge, in which that gentleman positively declines to be a candidate for re-election to Congress. He says his reasons for such a conclusion are "purely private and domestic."

NEW HAMPSHIRE ELECTION.—KNOW-NOTHING TRIUMPH.—The administration party in Pierce's own State, is routed, "horse, foot and dragons." The following despatch gives the latest returns:

CONCORD, N. H., March 17.—Returns from 214 towns give Metcalf, for Governor, 32,605; Baker 26,217; Bell 3,452; Fowler 1,263. The opposition elect 19 State Senators, the Democrats one. The House stands 221 Know-Nothings and 79 Democrats.

MORE VICTORIES.—We find the following despatches in our exchanges:  
READING, Pa., March 11.—The municipal election in this city, yesterday, resulted in the complete triumph of the American party; all the candidates on their tickets were elected. The vote for Mayor, stood as follows—Wm. M. Baird, K. N., 1,541, and S. L. Young, Dem. and Independent, 847. This result has produced great excitement.

DANVILLE, Pa., March 17.—The whole K. N. ticket was elected here yesterday, by 250 majority.

FREDERICKSBURG, March 20.—Charter election, yesterday, the Know-Nothings elected the Mayor and the whole ticket of officers.

THE Sandwich Islands Treaty is dead.—The last advices from Honolulu are its obituary. The King has officially notified Mr. Gregg, the United States Commissioner, that all negotiations with a view to annexation are at end. Should the new King continue to carry out the liberal views with which he has commenced the administration of the Government, the advantages for our commerce, however, it is certain, will be just as good as though the Islands were under the flag of the United States Republic.

GRAND NIAGARA SUSPENSION BRIDGE.—Our readers will read the annexed vote, as we have done, with the greatest pleasure. The bold and successful Architect and Engineer, Mr. Roebling, has accomplished the greatest work of the kind on the top of the earth, and so it will remain, until our magnificent structure across the Kentucky river, on the Lexington and Danville Railroad, shall be finished by the same energetic and scientific contractor. Then this of Niagara will be number 2.

We understand that Gen. Coates has recently visited Mr. Roebling, at Niagara, and had a most satisfactory interview with him. He entertains no doubt of the strength and durability of both structures. They will be the modern wonders of the world.

SCIENCE'S BRIDGE.—March 9th, 1855. The First Locomotive passed over the Niagara Suspension Bridge yesterday, at a moderate speed. This engine, weighing 23 tons, caused a slight depression of the superstructure which in the center, measured 3 1/2 inches, but produced no vibration whatever. The experiment was repeated to-day with two other engines, making separate trips at a speed of 8 miles per hour. One of these weighing 24 tons, and with a well-filled passenger car attached, caused a depression in the center of 5 1/2 inches.

Considering the unfinished state of the work, the above results, and the total absence of vibration are highly gratifying. The success of the work may be considered as established.—The strongest gales have no effect on it. The Bridge will be open for regular passage trains in about eight days.

AT a public commencement of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, held on the 10th of March, 1855, the degree of Doctor of Medicine was conferred on the following gentlemen of Kentucky, by the Hon. Edward King, LL. D.:  
E. Miles Willett, Bardonia.  
W. H. Newman, Taylorsville.  
George Cowan, Danville.  
O. V. Garrett, do.  
Wm. Heddens, Barbourville.  
Wm. Hunt, Covington.  
Nathaniel Mills, Elkton.  
Thos. Kanyon, Minerva.  
Jos. Simms, Trenton.  
A. K. Sparks, Jeffersonstown.  
S. M. Welch, Crab Orchard.  
Thos. Worthington, Minerva.

ANOTHER REPUBLIC.—The last steamer from California brought the news that a revolution had broken out in Australia, a portion of the inhabitants there having declared the colony independent, and big enough to take care of itself without John Bull's help.

So far as heard from, the Know-Nothing majority in the New Hampshire Legislature is 138 in the House, and about two to one in the Senate.

Counterfeit 5's on the Southern Bank of Kentucky are in circulation. Look Sharp.

The Washington Star, of the 15th, says: It was said in diplomatic circles of Washington, last night, that a private dispatch had reached this city, saying that Victoria was fast going the way of her ancestors—that is becoming deranged, the symptoms having shown themselves in her recent illness. We have not been able to trace this to an authentic source.

MORE K. N. VICTORIES.—The returns from the New York town elections show that the Know-Nothings have been generally successful. The exceptions have been in places where there was a large foreign population and in some instances where there was a fusion of Whigs, Democrats, Greenbacks and Catholics.

KISSANE CONFESSES.—A private letter from Mr. Sidney C. Burton to the editor of the Helena (Ark.) Shield, states that Wm. Kissane, "has confessed everything, even to the burning of the Martha Washington!"  
Kissane has had his trial at New York, which resulted in his being found guilty of "forgery in the third degree." He had not been sentenced at last accounts.

Letter writers should recollect that after the list of next month (nearly here) no letter will be sent through the mails unless the postage is prepaid.

FEELING OF THE AMERICANS IN EUROPE.—A Paris correspondent of the Baltimore Argus says that, "among Americans who have been in Europe long enough to understand the matter from the result of their own personal observation of men and things, there is a perfect unity of opinion in favor of the success of Russia in her quarrel with the Allies. American diplomatists, travelers, and residents in Europe share the same views on the subject."

The remains of Emma Moore, whose mysterious disappearance at Rochester, N. Y., some time since, created considerable excitement, were found on Sunday last in a mill race in that vicinity, by a boy who was drawing water.

The Chicago Journal has published a short narrative of the career of Green, the Chicago Banker, who poisoned his wife, from which it appears that he has probably been guilty of a number of crimes previously to the one of which he was recently convicted. Our readers will remember that he committed suicide while in jail.

The San Francisco correspondent of the New York Herald says that a scheme has been started in that place for the establishment of an independent Republic of all that portion of the territory of the United States lying west of the Rocky Mountains, including California and the territories of Washington, Oregon and New Mexico.

KNOW-NOTHING NOMINATIONS IN VIRGINIA.—The Know-Nothing Convention held at Winchester, Virginia, on the 14th inst., is said to have presented the following ticket for State officers:

Stanhope Flournoy, of Halifax, for Governor; the Hon. J. M. H. Beale, of Mason, for Lieutenant Governor; and John M. Patton, of Richmond, for Attorney General. The politics of the candidates are not indicated by the dispatch which brings the intelligence of their nomination, but, if we are not mistaken, they are all gentlemen of the Democratic faith.

A GOOD KNOW-NOTHING JOKE.—Not long ago, in one of the counties of Pennsylvania, the Postmaster General discovered the fact that one of the county postmasters was not only a member but Secretary of a Know-Nothing club, and no time was lost in removal from office, and the appointment of another—who is not contaminated. Well, the appointment was tendered to a man, who after some hesitation accepted the same. Campbell is satisfied, and so are the "Know-Nothings," for the new postmaster is president of the very same council of which his predecessor is secretary, but Campbell doesn't know it.

FINE French Cuffs Gilt Card Baskets, Fancy Envelopes, Philocopies and other extras, Meen Fan, Lily White, Chalk Balls, Pomades, assorted, Wash Balls, Mammoth and other Toilet Soaps, Parfumeries, Hair and Clothes Brushes, Combs, assorted, Needles, Pins, Buttons, Threads, together with a variety of other notions for the Ladies, at  
J. B. AKIN'S.  
March 23

COMMERCIAL.

Market active and prices sustained.  
FLOUR AND GRAIN.—Sales of superfine Flour at \$8.50 @ \$8.60; extra \$7.75 @ \$7.90. Corn 70 @ 72. Oats 55 @ 60.  
PROVISIONS.—Mess Pork \$14. Bacon shoulders 5 1/2 cts. packed. 7200 kgs. prime Lard at \$2.31 1/2 @ \$2.40, on time; 272 cures do. at \$2 1/2 cts.  
COFFEES.—Prime Sugar in hhd's \$5 1/2 @ \$5 1/4. Rio Coffee 11 to 12 cts. according to quality and quantity. Plantation Molasses 25 cts.  
SUNDRIES.—Clover Seed \$6 @ \$6.50; timothy \$3.25. New crop Hemp \$105 @ \$110 per ton. Hacking 13 1/2 @ 14 cts. Hops 7 @ 8 cts. Coal 12 @ 14 cts.

CINCINNATI, March 23.  
Flour—Dull at \$2.15 @ \$2.20. Bulk shoulders 47 cts. Lard—15 cts; prime mostly held at 56 for bulk, and 59 for keg.  
New York, March 23.  
Flour—Dull, with a declining tendency; sales of 3,000 bbls. Ohio. Southern white Grain—Sales of 5,750 bu. Wheat; Southern white \$2.31 @ \$2.38. Corn a trifle higher; sales of 12,000 bu. at 93 @ 95 cts; white at 87, yellow at 86 @ 87. Pork—A grade higher; sales of 750 bbls. mess at \$14.35 for old, and \$15.02 for new; prime \$14.25 @ \$14.31, and New Western prime mess at \$13.

THE MURDER OF BILL POOLE.—It is hard to tell whether Baker, the murderer of Bill Poole, has been arrested or not. A report is sent out one day that he had been arrested in Philadelphia, and the next thing on the subject is a despatch stating that the fleet Grapshot would be sent after him to the Canary Islands, whether it was thought he fled, immediately after committing the murder.

VIRGINIA KNOW-NOTHING NOMINATIONS.—The following is the ticket:  
For Governor—Thomas S. Flournoy.  
For Lt. Gov.—J. M. H. Beale.  
For Attorney Gen.—John M. Patton.  
Mr. Flournoy, the member for Governor, was a Whig member of the Thirtieth Congress. Mr. Beale was a Democratic member of the last Congress from the Kanawha district; and Mr. Patton was a Democratic member of the House of Representatives of the twenty-third Congress, and lately filled the office of Attorney General to which he has been nominated.

INDIAN WAR BREWING.—The St. Louis Republic of the 17th says that the Indians in the neighborhood of Fort Laramie, appear to be determined to give the whites a big fight this spring. They have been unusually impudent in their stock stealing operations, and the Republic learns from private correspondence, that they are certainly preparing for a fierce conflict with the force which our government may send to chastise them for their thefts and murders.

For the Kentucky Tribune.  
Public Meeting.  
At a meeting of the citizens of Crab Orchard and vicinity, held at the residence of Mr. Matthew Buchanan, on the 14th of March, 1855, to express their views in relation to a certain Mr. J. G. FEE's conduct, in preaching and publishing in pamphlet form, in our midst, the doctrine of Abolition in its evil and vilest form, which we, in our judgment, believe is calculated to produce in the minds of the colored population and other credulous persons of our neighborhood, much anxiety and discontent.

On motion, HIRAM ROBERTS was called to the chair, Dr. Thomas Welch appointed Secretary. The meeting was then addressed by Rev. J. H. Higgins and William Lewis, Esq., with much skill and ability.

On motion of W. Adams, a committee was appointed to draft resolutions expressive of the sense of the meeting. Whereupon, W. Adams, and others were appointed a committee, who by their Chairman reported the following, which were unanimously adopted, to-wit:  
Resolved, That the citizens of Crab Orchard and vicinity, in meeting assembled, took upon the course and conduct, of the said John G. Fee as prejudicial to the interest, prosperity and welfare of our country, and that such course justly merits the censure and unmitigated condemnation of all good and honest citizens.

Resolved, That this meeting appoint 13 of its members to confer with the said Fee on the subject, and politely request and admonish him to cease from proclaiming orally or publishing in any form whatever, the views which have already been productive of evil and evil continually.

Resolved, That the committee appointed, be requested to inform the said Fee, that if he persists in a course so repugnant to the feelings of the citizens of this community, that they will be under the necessity of meeting again to adopt other resolutions, that will be more efficient to protect us in the enjoyment of our lives, liberty and property.

Resolved, That a copy of the proceedings of this meeting be forwarded to the Danville Tribune, (VIRG.), and the Somerset Democrat, for publication.

On motion of John Wesley, the following gentlemen were appointed a committee, to await on said J. G. Fee, to-wit: John M. Welch, H. E. Green, W. Adams, Jesse Smith, Dr. J. H. P. Sanders, Dr. W. C. Montgomery, John Owsley, G. W. Evans, J. Shanks, Hiram Roberts, H. Shropshire, William Owsley, and John King.

On motion of W. Adams, the said committee be requested, that we adjourn to meet again at this house, on the 17th of this month, at 11 o'clock, A. M.

THOS. WELCH, Secy.  
HIRAM ROBERTS, Pres't.

A happy repast was made by one of our Whig friends on the day the Democratic Convention assembled here. One of the delegates having taken up the idea that this Whig was a Know-Nothing, made it his business to be very pointed in denouncing the order in his presence. An hour or two after he was in the room, he meantime the news of the triumph of "Sam" and the total defeat of the Pierce Democracy in New Hampshire had reached here. The Democratic delegate thinking he had rather "worster" the Whig in their previous meeting, thought to follow up his success, and approached him with, "Come, my good fellow, just give us the Know-Nothing pass-word. I won't tell anybody."

"Certain," replied the Whig, "I've just received it, and don't care if I do. It's 'New Hampshire!'" The delegate walked off, shrugging his shoulders as though he had just been done with cold water.—Frank Cox.

AN OUTRAGE.—Mr. John Young, of this city was attacked on Monday night by a free negro man named Newman Taylor, who drew a pistol and attempted to shoot him. The pistol failed to go off, however, and Taylor was arrested.

ANOTHER.—Mr. Hugh McDonald, of this county, was attacked and severely beaten on Saturday night by a negro named Aaron, belonging to Mr. Thomas McDowell. He made his escape at the time, but was apprehended and lodged in jail on Monday.—Lex. Obs. 21st.

THE Maj. BRECKINRIDGE made a speech just at the close of this meeting, manifesting bitter opposition to the new American party, and talking of "unkennelling" them, as though they were dogs. Perhaps the Major may find the dogs rather close on his track some of these days.—Frankfort Com.

OF the Democratic State nominees, three are from Fayette, and all but one from the upper portion of the State. Clarke, the candidate for Governor, is the only one from the Green river country, or southern Kentucky. We presume that as it was a foregone conclusion that a defeat was certain, it was not deemed of much importance where the to-be-used-up individuals were to come from.—Lou. Cour.

FINE French Cuffs Gilt Card Baskets, Fancy Envelopes, Philocopies and other extras, Meen Fan, Lily White, Chalk Balls, Pomades, assorted, Wash Balls, Mammoth and other Toilet Soaps, Parfumeries, Hair and Clothes Brushes, Combs, assorted, Needles, Pins, Buttons, Threads, together with a variety of other notions for the Ladies, at  
J. B. AKIN'S.  
March 23

MERCHANT TAILORING.

A. W. BARKER, DRAPER AND TAILOR.  
RESPECTFULLY informs his old friends and the public that he has opened a shop on Main street, two doors above Caldwell's corner, for the purpose of carrying on the Tailoring business in all its branches. He has just received a small stock of superior

CLOTHS, Cassimeres and Vestings, Which he is prepared to cut and make up in the best and most fashionable style, and on reasonable terms.  
He solicits a call from those desiring anything in his line, promising that he will do all in his power to give satisfaction to all who may patronize him.  
Danville, March 23, 1855. f

REVIEW

SPEECH OF HON. J. R. CHANDLER, OF PENNSYLVANIA, ON THE Political Power of the Pope.

[Delivered in the House of Representatives, January 10, 1855.]  
By Rev. JNO. CLAUDIUS PITRAT, A Member of the University of France; Founder and ex-Editor of the journal "La Presse du Peuple," in Paris; author of "Jeu de l'Homme Unveiled," also of "Paul and Julia," and formerly a Roman Catholic Priest.

EWD. W. HINKS & CO., Publishers, Joy's Building, 81 Washington street, Boston.

THIS Work, from its stern rigidity of logic in meeting the arguments of Mr. Chandler, following him, as it does, step by step through the entire length of his speech, unveiling in a masterly manner, the subtlety of the Roman Catholic Theology, in reference to the temporal power of the Pope, is better adapted to the enlightenment of the people upon the political influence of the Papal power, particularly in the United States, than any work heretofore published. Not a line of Mr. Chandler's speech is suppressed in this review, but the whole is taken up, sentence by sentence, and

His Defence of Papacy is Entirely Overthrown.

72 Pages. Price—per single copy, 12 1/2 cents; per dozen, \$1.50; per hundred, \$15. Persons at a distance, including the Postage, \$1.25 (post-paid), will receive one dozen copies of the Review, free of postage. Address, EWD. W. HINKS & CO., 81 Washington st., Boston, Mass.

For sale by Dealers everywhere, March 23

NEW GOODS!

10 HIDS. N. O. Sugar;  
15 bbls Crushed and Powdered Sugar;  
10 1/2 bbls Belcher's Leaf Sugar Syrup;  
20 sacks Rio Coffee;  
4 " Old Java "  
3 bbls Rice;  
400 lbs Green and Black Teas;  
10 bbls superfine Extra Indiana Flour;  
40 bushels Dried Peaches;  
12 boxes W. R. and Cream Cheese;  
2 bbls New York Pickled Apples;  
60 whole, 1/2, and 3/4 boxes Star Candles;  
24 boxes Lexington Tallow  
6 bbls Clover Seed;  
And everything else—being sold for the Cash, at small advances on cash. J. B. AKIN.

Clover and Timothy Seed.  
25 BUSHELS Clover Seed,  
25 " Timothy "  
For sale by the barrel or bushel, for Cash, at March 23 J. B. AKIN'S.

Willow and Wooden Ware.  
EVERY variety just received at March 23 J. B. AKIN'S.

WANTED!  
LARD and Bacon Ham.  
March 23 J. B. AKIN.

Clover and Timothy Seed.  
WE have a lot of Clover and Timothy Seed in store, by Tuesday next, March 23, '55. W. B. MORROW & CO.

A WELL-IMPROVED FARM FOR SALE.

SITUATED in Lincoln county, Ky., 4 miles east of Stanford, 1 mile from the Walnut Flat, and 1 mile from the Turnpike leading from Crab Orchard to Stanford, Containing 350 Acres

Of good land, one-half cleared, and all under good fence, and in a high state of cultivation. The improvements consist of a comfortable Brick Dwelling-House, good negro cabins, corn crib, and a well, and a large barn, and buildings; also, a WATER MILL for grinding corn, a good apple orchard of select fruit, and several never-failing springs of water. This valuable Farm will be sold low, as the owner is determined to move West. For terms, acc. apply to the undersigned on the premises.

WILLIAM M. LACKEY, Lincoln county, March 23, '55. f

NEW MILLINERY STORE!

To the Ladies of Danville & vicinity.

MRS. WHEEL WOULD respectfully inform the Ladies of Danville and vicinity, that she has just received from New York and Philadelphia, where she selected, expressly for this market, a large and beautiful stock of

RICH MILLINERY GOODS, Of the latest styles and fashions, consisting of BOWTIES, Of every pattern, description and style; RIBBONS, FLOWERS, And every other article and description of Goods usually found in first class Millinery establishments, which she will have open and ready for the inspection of the public, on and after Monday, the 26th INSTANT, at which time she respectfully invites the Ladies to call and examine her Goods, whether they purchase or not.

Being herself well experienced in the Millinery business, and intending to have fair share of the patronage of this community, she is determined to give satisfaction in her work and her prices.

Her shop is on Third Street, in C. Henderson's Row, in the room lately occupied by Mrs. Collins, next door to the Central Bank, Danville, March 16, '55 f

Stray Heifer taken up.

TAKEN UP by JAMES H. MITCHELL, on the waters of Knob Fork, in Boyle county, a Scrub Two Year Old Heifer, red, slightly mixed with white hairs, white belly, end of the tail white, no ear marks perceptible. Appraised \$8, before me, by J. M. McFERRIN and Wyatt Hughes, this 19th of March, 1855. J. H. IRVINE, J. P. & C.

March 23 4t

Mattresses—Mattresses!—And common Shuck or Cotton Mattresses, always on hand or made to order on short notice. feb 2, '55 G. W. HEWEY.

GREY FRANK.

THIS celebrated horse will stand the present season in my stable, in Boyle county, East of Danville, at the reduced price of \$5 to insure a mare with foal, payable on the 1st day of January, 1856, or when the mare is delivered of before it is ascertained that she is in foal; or \$4 for each mare by the season, to be paid within the season. The season has commenced and will end the 1st of July.

WALTER MEAUX. DESCRIPTION. GREY FRANK was 7 years old last June; is a fine Grey; at least 17 hands high; well clothed; finely muscled, and with fine action; up-headed, and clear of defects or blemishes.

PEDIGREE. GREY FRANK was sired by Farris' Frank, he by old Frank, dam by old Tompater. Grey Frank's dam by old Stockholder, grandam by Sir Archy. WALTER MEAUX.

Certificate.—I do hereby certify, that I have seen and admired by Grey Frank, belonging to Rufus K. Dick, (now at the stable of Walter Meaux.) The colt I saw was a very fine one. I have no hesitation in saying, that Grey Frank is a good breeder—such is his reputation. Given under my hand, this 19th day of March, 1855. JAMES G. CECIL.

The Fine Young Jack, BERTRAND. Will stand at the same place, and will let to mares at SIX DOLLARS to insure a mare in foal, payable on the 1st of January, 1856, or when the mare is parted with. Care will be taken to prevent accidents or escapes, but no responsibility should any happen.

Boyle co., March 23, '55 3m

FIRST IMPORTATION NEW GOODS

AT THE NEW CASH STORE!

1855 SPRING 1856

J. L. & W. H. WAGGENER ARE now in receipt of a large and varied assortment of

Spring and Summer Goods, Selected with care by one of the firm, from the best Eastern sources. Our stock will be found to embrace the latest and most fashionable styles of

DRESS GOODS, Comprising many beautiful patterns; Lace Goods, Collars, Chemises, Handkerchiefs, Ribbons, Trimmings, &c. &c., to all of which we invite the attention of the Ladies. We have also a highly superior assortment of

Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings; Linen and Cotton Goods for Summer wear; Irish Linens, Brown and Bleached Cottons; Table Linens and Curtain Goods; Coarse Goods for Servants; Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps; Hardware, Cutlery, &c. &c.

We have in addition to the above, imported an unusually large supply of

CHINA, Of many different styles and prices. As we intend to keep a large and well-assorted stock of such wares on hand, we have a call from those desiring to purchase, as we feel confident we shall be able to please them both in quality and price.

Having purchased our Goods for Cash, at Cash prices, we are enabled to offer unusual INDUCEMENTS to CASH BUYERS. We shall also continue to sell on favorable terms to prompt-paying customers, on time. We consider it our pleasure to show our Goods, and will always be pleased to do so. Give us a call, it is only to see our stock and learn our low prices. J. L. & W. H. WAGGENER, 16 Caldwell's old stand.

SPRING & SUMMER, 1856.

W. L. MOORE, MERCHANT TAILOR, Main St., Danville, Ky.

I AM now receiving my Spring and Summer stock of Goods

For Gentlemen's Wear; Which consists of the very best articles of Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings.

I have every thing necessary to furnish a gentleman's wardrobe in the best and most fashionable style. These Goods I have selected with special care, and will be as cheap as the same quality of goods can be bought at retail in any market in the country.

Gentlemen wishing anything in my line, cannot do better than to give me a call. At least that is my opinion.

W. L. MOORE. I would call special attention to my recent importation of

New style HATS, Also, FINE SHIRTS, Collars, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Cravats, and Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods in general.

March 16, '55 f W. L. M.

TO OLD SOLDIERS.

THE undersigned would announce to all Officers, Soldiers, Chaplains, Wagon Masters, Seamen, and Mariners, the Wilt, Laws and Minor children of such as are dead, who have been engaged in any of the wars of the United States since the year 1790, that they are, by a recent Act of Congress, entitled to a "Certificate or Warrant from the Department of the Interior," for one hundred and SIXTY ACRES of LAND, or for such quantity of Land as will make, in the whole, with what they have heretofore received, one hundred and sixty acres, and are now prepared to prosecute all such claims upon very reasonable terms. I can be seen, at any time, at my office in Danville, opposite the Court-house.

March 16, '55 f SPEED S. FRY.

THE Imported Jack, BERTRAND,

WILL make his second season in America, at the farm of Wm. L. TAYLOR, in Boyle county, Ky., 6 miles East of Danville, and will be permitted to serve Jennets at Thirty Dollars for a colt. Every attention will be given to prevent accidents and escapes, but no liability should be incurred for persons owning Jennets known to be sterile, will be charged by the cover. The season has commenced. C. RAINS & CO.

Pedigree and Description. BERTRAND was imported from the Island of Malta two years ago; is of a Jet Black color, 15 hands 1 inch high, possessing remarkable length, and a bone not surpassed by any; is well proportioned, and in all respects is believed to be one of the best Jacks ever imported from Malta. All who are interested are requested to call and examine for themselves.

Boyle co., Mar 16 3t C. RAINS & CO.



